And I sat watching!—Then a
Voice 5 and lo, our
Lord was come,
Aid the house shook, and a great
flame stood o'er his
mother's tomb.
And Pcnthcus hied this way and
that, and called his
thralls amain
For water, lest his roof-tree burn ;
and all toiled, all
in vain.
Then deemed a-siulden I was
gone : and left his fire,
and sped
Hick to tl.e prison portals, and his
lifted sword shone red.
But there, me thinks, the God had
wrought—~1 speak
but ?u I :.?,mss—
Sonic d rerun-shape in mine
iirurie ; for he smote at
emptiness,
Stabbed in the air, and strove in
wrath, as though
'twere me he slew.
Then "mid his dreams Gud smote
him yet a^ain ! He
overthrew
All that bi:.'.h house. And there
in wreck for ever-
more it lies,
That the: day of this my bondage
may be sore in
Pcntheus"* eves !
And now his sword is fallen, and
he lies outworn
and wan
Who dared to rise against his God
in wrath, being
but man.
And I uprose and left him, and in
all peace took my
path
Fortl) to rav Chosen, recking light
of Penthcus and
his wrath.
Hut v>ft, nil-thinks » footstep
sounds **even** now
within the hall j